

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Comper.*



THE CONTENTS OF THE WILL.

GEORGE BURLEY;

HIS HISTORY, EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY G. M. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES OF A CITY ARAB."

CHAPTER XLIII.—A CONSULTATION OF DOCTORS, ASSISTED BY A LAWYER.

PASSING an anxious night, I arose on the morning after my return from Fairmouth still perplexed and undecided with regard to my course of duty. My poor grandfather was in the same bewildered state of mind, rejecting, with bodily resistance, all the persuasions and attempts of Betsy Miller and myself to improve his personal appear-

ance and comfort, and quiet only when the wooden doll was in his arms. To my relief Dr. Squills came early to visit his patient, and readily agreed with my proposal to call in an eminent physician—the consulting physician, I believe, of one of the public lunatic asylums of London, the mad-houses, as they were then generally called; while, by a kind of figure of speech, the physician referred to was spoken of as the mad-doctor.

An hour or two later in the day, then, the two doctors made their appearance, and shut themselves in with the patient, while Betsy Miller and I waited without. Presently, after a long consultation apart, they returned to us.

"Can you make anything of my poor grandfather?" I timidly asked the great man.

"Oh yes," said the mad-doctor. "It is one of those very common cases which we meet with every day in our profession—a very painful profession, Mr. Burley, but one that brings its rewards with it, in enabling us to mitigate the sufferings of poor human nature. A very common case, as I was saying, produced by a sudden shock, doubtless, which has thrown a mind, not originally very strong (if I may be allowed to say so), off its balance, and so deranged the common current of thought as to produce what may be called a sort of simple dementia."

"Can you hold out any hope of my grandfather's recovery, doctor?" was my next question.

"We may hope, sir; but we must not be too sanguine," replied the mad-doctor. "If our respected friend were younger, there would be no ground for despairing of the resources of art, and the effects of gentle treatment; but at his age we must be allowed to pronounce it a critical case—a very—crit-i-cal case."

"Thank you, doctor, for your candour," I said, sorrowfully.

"I have not kept back from my friend Dr. Squills," continued the mad-doctor, "my decided opinion, in which he agrees with me, that the wiser course would be to place our respected patient under the judicious care of our admirable institution, the Bethlehem—"

I saw an angry storm rising in Betsy Miller's countenance, and, fearing another explosion of wrath similar to that which Dr. Squills had already experienced, and from which, I could see, he nervously shrank, I hastened to assure the doctor that, unless as a very last resort in case of urgent, threatening danger, the idea of my poor grandfather's confinement in a lunatic asylum could not be entertained.

"Just so," replied the mad-doctor, with much suavity. "I have understood from my friend that there are strong objections, founded on prejudice, no doubt; but even prejudices are to be respected where they do not endanger life, and health, and safety; and we are happy to perceive, in the case of our patient, that the present phase of his mental disease is rather that of harmless delusion than of active mischievousness. Besides, the patient is feeble—very feeble."

My poor grandfather!

"I have been suggesting to Dr. Squills," continued the mad-doctor, "the propriety of a male attendant—accustomed to cases of this kind—to give his time entirely to the patient, and furnish him with amusement."

There was no objection to this. Indeed, I had thought of it myself, and was happy to see that Betsy Miller fell in with the idea. It was agreed, therefore, that Dr. J— should in the course of the day send to Silver Square an experienced keeper to take the principal charge of my grandfather. This arrangement removed a load of anxiety from my mind. There was another matter, however, on which I resolved to be, at least partly, guided by the advice of the two physicians. It was evident that my grandfather's dementia, as the mad-doctor had called it, had assumed the form of a monomania, in which all the past was forgotten, excepting that part of it which related to the infancy of his only son. His disturbed and stricken mind had concentrated itself, so to speak, on the memory of his child. Then, William Bix, let him be what he might, and what I well knew him to be, was doubtless the legal representative of his father; and, as I knew where and under what circumstances, and in what name, the prodigal son was likely to be found, I desired to know

whether I should be justified in withholding from him the knowledge of his father's present condition.

Fortunately, as I was about to enter on this subject, Mr. Fawley the solicitor arrived with his daily inquiry after my grandfather's health, and he joined in our conference.

The doctors' decision was plain and decided. They had, in fact, arrived at it before I spoke; for Dr. Squills (these family doctors, of course, as a rule, know most of their patients' family secrets) had, in their previous consultation, revealed to the mad-doctor some part at least of what he knew of my grandfather's circumstances and of my uncle's character.

"The son must not come near the house; at any rate he must be kept away from the patient," said Dr. J—; "that is a matter on which my friend Dr. Squills and myself have made up our minds. It might do no harm, for possibly the patient would not recognise him; but the probability is that he would, and in that case we could not answer for consequences. The shock to the nervous system would be too great, and from a harmless maniac the patient might become a furious madman, or, quite as probably, almost immediate death would ensue."

"Do I understand you, doctor, that there is a chance of my friend Bix recovering his senses if kept perfectly quiet?" demanded the lawyer.

"It is the only chance we have," replied the mad-doctor, oracularly.

"Very well, then; fortified by this opinion, I advise our young friend" (this to me) "not to trouble himself about his uncle," said Mr. Fawley. "We all know enough about William Bix—at least I do—to be assured that the less we have to do with him the better; and as he chooses to run about the country under an assumed name and in disguise, let him keep to them both. We are not bound to know Washington Raxworthy as William Bix. If we want him, we will advertise for him under his proper name."

And so the matter was settled for that time, and the doctors soon afterwards took their leave. But the lawyer remained, and drew me aside into another room.

"This is an awkward affair, Mr. Burley," said he.

"It is very painful, sir."

"Painful, yes; painful to you especially. Painful to me, too, to see my old friend in such a state; but, speaking professionally, it is especially awkward also; coming at this time, too, when your grandfather's wits are all required to be in due order."

"About Mr. Falconer's affairs, I suppose."

"Just so. Mr. Falconer was—there's no harm in saying it—a singular man. There are those who don't hesitate to think that he had always a bee in his bonnet, as folks say; at any rate, he has made a singular will, and your grandfather is his sole executor—a very foolish proceeding, considering your grandfather's age, and the large property there is to manage. I told Mr. Falconer so when I drew up the will. But he pooh-poohed me; and now you see the consequences."

I did not see the consequences so plainly as the lawyer did; but I did not say this, and Mr. Fawley further informed me that the will being in his possession, and he having some power under it (he did not then explain what) to act professionally as my grandfather's legal adviser, he had taken such steps as were immediately necessary, hoping soon to be rid of the responsibility.

"There's one thing more," he added. "Your grandfather was always rather close and secret, you know—in his money matters, I mean; and I doubt now whether he has five pounds in the house; or, if he has, whether you or Betsy know where to lay your hands upon it."

This was true, and I said so.

"Well, what are you going to do? You can't keep house for nothing; and these doctors, and the man that's coming, must be paid, you know."

Betsy Miller and I had thought of this. It had been my grandfather's practice to place a certain sum weekly in her hands for current expenses, to be duly accounted for; and the last payment she had received was exhausted. It happened, however, that Betsy had a hoard of her own, and also that I had a few pounds; and we had agreed to make use of these joint resources.

"No, no," said the lawyer, when I told him this; "you'll never get it back again, perhaps; who can tell? You must let me be your treasurer. I am safe to get paid." He put ten pounds into my hand as he said this. "Make it go as far as you can, but don't spare for anything," he added; "and when you want more, come to me. Don't spend your own money—not a sixpence of it."

Saying this, he departed.

CHAPTER XLIV.—UNEXPECTED VISITORS AT SILVER SQUARE. MR. FALCONER'S SINGULAR WILL.

WHATEVER mystery (if any) might be wrapped up in Mr. Fawley's allusion to Mr. Falconer's "singular will," I thought but little about it. It was more to me that my poor grandfather should be properly cared for, and, if possible, restored to his right mind. It was a great relief, therefore, when, later in the day, a person arrived with proper credentials from Dr. J—, and entered at once upon his prescribed duties.

I cannot tell how he managed it, for he was a quiet little man, with no appearance of either moral or physical force about him; but he had not been an hour in attendance on my grandfather before he had gained an ascendancy over the patient which neither Betsy Miller nor myself, with all our previous knowledge of his character, and all our affectionate concern, had been able to exercise. Coming prepared to act as valet, he produced my grandfather, at the expiration of that time, newly shaven and shorn, with his hair nicely arranged and re-powdered, and his clothing trimly brushed and adjusted; and, in the gentle manner of an affectionate, confidential friend, he was walking arm-in-arm with the afflicted man across and across the marble-paved hall, addressing him in pleasant soothing words; having, as I afterwards learned, persuaded the monomaniac that it would be better for the child (that is to say, the wooden doll) to be laid gently to sleep in an extemporized cot in the office.

In the same unassuming, but potential manner, this man (Jonathan, he was called) suggested and won over my grandfather to agree with him that the old office was an unwholesome place for a delicate infant, and that one of the rooms in the upper part of the house would be vastly preferable as a nursery; explaining afterwards to Betsy Miller and myself that it was desirable to remove the patient from his ordinary place of business. Accordingly, a room was prepared, and before the day closed in, my poor grandfather and his attendant were duly installed there.

After a like manner, Jonathan prevailed on the patient to take necessary sustenance; in short, such a favourable change had outwardly passed over my grandfather that our hopes were raised as to his ultimate recovery.

That is to say, Betsy Miller's hopes and mine; for Jonathan did not share them. On the contrary, he gave it as his opinion that "the poor old gentleman's mind" was "almost entirely gone."

There were, however, in connection with what I have

already stated, some good results arising from the presence of the placid keeper. In the first place, responsibility was shifted on to more capable shoulders than either Betsy Miller's or mine. And next, I was relieved from the necessity of constant attendance, and was enabled, after the lapse of a day or two, to resume my duties in Gracechurch Street. I need scarcely add, that I received from Mr. Millman and his family continued proofs of their sympathy.

Two or three weeks passed away without much alteration in my grandfather, only that the cloud which rested on his mind assumed sometimes a darker and sometimes a lighter complexion; but it never once was withdrawn—never once. Meanwhile, of course, the physicians were regular in their visits; and so was Mr. Fawley, fidgety, but kind, not confidential, however. I thought, sometimes, that he might have enlightened me as to the nature of Mr. Falconer's will, or to what extent, if any, I was beneficially interested in it. But he did not. He told me once that he had taken measures, or must soon take measures—I don't remember which—for the proving of it: and this was all I heard.

It was two or three weeks, then, after my return from Fairmouth, that, on going home from business one evening, and letting myself in by means of a latch-key (which I had some time used, to save Betsy the trouble of opening the door to me), I fancied I heard footsteps in the dismal dining-room described in a former chapter; and, on pushing open the door, I found it occupied by Mrs. Tozer and her son. Astonished at this unexpected apparition, I had at first scarcely presence of mind enough to bid them welcome, especially as the lady seemed to have taken in a double amount of her natural acerbity, while Marmaduke was pacing to and fro over the half-carpeted floor with manifest impatience.

"I thought you were never coming, Hurly," he said, coldly giving me his hand. "Here's my mother, you see."

I muttered some complimentary words, and blundered out two or three incoherent questions and apologies.

"Oh, there's no occasion for that, Hurly," said Marmaduke. "Of course, you didn't know we were coming, so you couldn't have expected us. Have we been long in London? No; only two hours. Have we dined? Yes; we dined on the road, coming up. Will we have tea, or what not? No; we have ordered tea where we ordered beds." All this was spoken in an indescribably sulky air and tone; and all this time Mrs. Tozer had said not a word, but sat immovable as a statue, only that she had once extended her arm to put two cold, and bony, and stiff fingers into my palm when I offered to shake hands with her. She opened her lips now, however.

"You are not more surprised to see me here, sir," she said, in a sepulchral voice, "than I am surprised to find myself beneath this roof—this roof, of all others in London," she added.

"There, that will do," interposed Marmaduke, whose behaviour towards his mother had evidently not improved since my last visit to their house. "What's the use of going over old stories? If you had married Jack Falconer instead of Frank Tozer, you would have had this house for your own. I suppose we all know that; but what's the good of saying it. Here you are now, at all events. You *would* come, you know." Saying this, he turned to me.

"The long and short of it is, Hurly, I don't think we have been well used; at any rate, I haven't. There, I don't want to quarrel; but now you know my mind."

"Not well used, Marmaduke?"

"No, not well used. You know as well as I do that I am Mr. Falconer's nearest of kin, and have had expectations held out to me, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, and what then?" I demanded, rather sternly, if I spoke as I intended.

"What then? Why, I want to know why the news of his death has been kept from me? It is a month ago—ay, six weeks ago, pretty near—since he died; and I never heard of it till two days ago."

"Really," I said, "I am not answerable for that."

"No; but somebody is, if you are not," said he, working himself up into a passion.

"From whom did you receive the intelligence of Mr. Falconer's death?" I asked.

"Who from? Fawley, the lawyer, if you must know."

"And did he not mention why he had not written to you before?"

"Oh, he tells a cock-and-bull story about Mr. Anthony Bix being indisposed and unable to attend to business. As if I could not see as far into a mill-stone as here and there one," said Marmaduke, so insolently that I could not forbear replying—

"You seem to have kept company with clodhopping clowns so long, Marmaduke, that you have learned their manners; and I have only to say that you may see as far into a mill-stone as you please; but you must also please to remember that you are in my grandfather's house, and that—"

Here Marmaduke interrupted me.

"That's the very thing that has got to be proved—whose house it is. If your grandfather isn't well, I am sorry for it," he added; "but that's no reason I should be kept out of anything belonging to me."

"I really do not understand you," I said. "I am not aware that any one wishes to keep you out of anything. You are labouring under some strange mistake, I am sure; but I have no disposition to quarrel, and I cannot explain what I do not know. Had you not better see Mr. Fawley?"

"Yes, and meant to; and I called at his office with mother, but he wasn't in. So I told his clerk I was coming on here, and he might do as he liked about coming after. Here's mother; she can tell you that was what I said, if she will."

Hitherto, after uttering the one sentence I have recorded, Mrs. Tozer had sat stiffly upright, with her eyes (as far as could be seen through her green spectacles) fixed on me, in an old way of hers which I very well remembered. Now she spoke again.

"It is no pleasure of mine that I am here," she said, in a calm, monotonous tone; "I want nothing, and I expect nothing from Mr. Falconer's will. It is quite true, as Marmaduke says, that, if things had been otherwise ordered, I might have been here now in my own right. But it is as well as it is, and I have no desire for worldly pomps and vanities and wealth. But I will see my son righted, you may depend on it; that is why I am here; and no interlopers shall stand in his way, if there's law to be had." The lady raised her voice a little—not much—as she said this; and then she subsided into silence.

"There, now you know what we mean, Hurly," added Marmaduke; "and you see we don't want to have words with you, but we don't mean to be played with. There's your grandfather, he is old Falconer's executor, we are told, and, if he and the lawyer have gone putting their heads together, you understand, it will be the worse for them. It is he—Mr. Anthony Bix—I want to see. That idiotic Betsy Miller of yours

told us that he wasn't to be seen by anybody; but you had better call him, I think, to save a row, Hurly, or I'll go to him if you like. There's only a plain question or two I want to ask him, without any nonsense, and that won't be much trouble, anyhow, if he is an honest man."

"And 'an honest man's the noblest work of God,' so somebody says, Mr. Marmaduke Tozer. My service to you, young gentleman, to you also, madam; and, as to plain questions, I am here to answer them."

The voice was that of Mr. Fawley; and on turning my head I saw him standing behind me, having just entered the room unseen and unheard. How he came into the house without my knowing it, I could not understand; but it was made clear to me afterwards by Betsy Miller, who, foreboding some awkward complications from the visit, had no sooner safely shut the visitors in the disused dining-room, than she slipped out by a back way and hurried to Mr. Fawley's offices. Fortunately she met him half way as he was coming towards Silver Square, and introduced him into the house by the way in which she had made her exit.

"You see, Hurly," said she, when she was giving this explanation, "I knew Master Marmaduke from his having been here before, and I knew Madam Tozer by the green spectacles you have told me about so often; and I knew what they were likely to have come about by their looking so fierce, and telling me they wanted to see your poor grandfather; and so, thinks I, Hurly shan't have to battle it out by himself if I can help it; and thankful I am I brought up the lawyer in time."

To return. It was not in Mrs. Tozer's way to manifest much surprise at any time. She simply bowed to the addition made to our party, and said quietly, "Mr. Fawley, I presume?" Marmaduke was rather more disconcerted, and muttered something about not expecting, which Mr. Fawley cut short.

"Nay, young gentleman, you left word with my clerk that you were coming here, and that I might follow. I have followed, you see; and, as my time is precious, it will be as well to proceed at once to business. You wish—I think I so understood you—to see Mr. Anthony Bix. You cannot see him. If you demand to know why you cannot see him, I may as well tell you at once that it is forbidden by his medical attendants. I am here, however, as his legal friend and adviser, to answer any questions you may have to put to him. Or perhaps I can save you the trouble. You wish to know, first of all, I presume, why you received intelligence only so recently of the death of your late patron?"

Marmaduke bit his under lip and nodded.

"Simply because my old friend was unable to write, and I waited, in hopes of his recovery. If there has been improper delay, it is my fault, and I am willing to answer for it."

"Oh, it doesn't matter, I suppose; only one doesn't like to be treated with neglect," Marmaduke muttered.

"No one likes to be treated with neglect," said the lawyer. "And now your next question."

"You told me, in your letter, that I was interested in Mr. Falconer's will, as, of course, I expected to be."

"And you wish to know to what extent and in what manner. Nothing can be more reasonable; and it is quite reasonable also that you, madam"—a bow to Mrs. Tozer, stiffly returned—"as your son's natural and legal guardian, should take an interest in the matter. I felt so satisfied of this, when I heard that you had called at my office, that"—the lawyer drew from his breast-pocket as he spoke a flat packet tied up with red tape, which he began at once to undo—"that

I put a certified copy of Mr. Falconer's will in my pocket. The will itself is in safe keeping, and can be inspected at your pleasure another day." Saying this, Mr. Fawley unfolded the foolscap.

"I will just remark," continued the lawyer, as he took a seat and adjusted his eye-glasses, "that our friend Falconer had a way of his own of doing things, and did not choose to be dictated to. He did not consult me when he made his will, I assure you." With this preface Mr. Fawley began to read.

Now there is this peculiarity about legal documents, as far as I am concerned, that they naturally bewilder me; so, after vainly endeavouring to follow the lawyer through all the verbosity of the document he held in his hand, I gave up the attempt in despair. Not so did Mrs. Tozer, however. I remember now how eagerly she listened; and the questions she afterwards sharply put to the lawyer proved that she was keenly alive to her son's interests, however indifferent she might be to her own, while, at the same time, they enlightened me as to the nature of the will.

"If I understand the will aright," said the lady, while Mr. Fawley was re-folding the paper, "the whole of the estate is left to be enjoyed by Anthony Bix, without any deductions, as long as he lives?"

"The whole estate, real and personal, without any deductions, except the payment of certain small legacies to Mr. Falconer's former dependents abroad, and the payment also of the legacy duty; yes, madam."

"And also that Anthony Bix is appointed sole executor?" continued Mrs. Tozer.

"Sole executor," repeated the lawyer, "giving power, however, to me, as the legal friend and adviser both of the testator and the legatee, to act for the latter in case of illness, age, or other incapacity."

"Rather a strange bequest," said the lady.

"In what way strange, madam?" demanded the lawyer.

"What is Anthony Bix that he should be favoured in this way?" she asked. "Only a paid servant," she added, answering her own question.

"And an attached and faithful friend. I may say that for Mr. Bix. As to the strangeness of the bequest, I have said that the will is a singular will; but it is indisputably the testator's last will and testament, and we must take it as it is. However, madam, you have noted, I dare say, that the bequest is not absolute: it is left in trust, conditionally."

"I was coming to that, sir. At the death of Anthony Bix, the whole of the personal property devolves to my son Marmaduke Tozer?"

"The whole of it, madam. All the funded property here set down, and of which only the interest is enjoyable by the present holder, and also all other moveable goods and chattels: the furniture of this house, for instance. Also all moneys lent out at interest, according to the accounts forwarded from time to time by Mr. Bix, as Mr. Falconer's agent."

"I understand that. Then the real property——"

"Consisting of certain houses in Silver Square, duly catalogued."

"Consisting of certain houses in Silver Square, duly catalogued," the lady repeated, "is to be divided?"

"To be divided, madam, in tolerably equal portions, according to their assumed value—each portion being particularly scheduled, so as to prevent unpleasant disputes or misunderstandings hereafter. Mr. Falconer was anxious, you see, that these should be avoided."

"And one of those portions will eventually come to my son Marmaduke? I am anxious to understand this."

"Absolutely to your son, madam, without further deductions; and I may congratulate him on the prospect—I may say the certainty—of a very pretty property."

"Yes, but when? I should like to know," interposed Marmaduke, sullenly. "These old fellows sometimes live to no end of time, especially when there's anything to be got by their dying."

Shall I ever forget the look of indignant contempt which passed over the honest lawyer's countenance at that moment? Marmaduke felt it, and writhed under it.

"I beg your grandfather's pardon, and yours too, Hurly," he muttered. "Didn't mean any harm; only it is a bore, you see, waiting to step into dead men's shoes."

"You will not have to wait long, I am afraid, Marmaduke," I said, with tears in my eyes.



THE FIRST ENGLISH FOOTING IN AUSTRALIA.

THE above engraving is a sketch of the spot where Captain Cook landed at Botany Bay; and where, for the first time, that renowned circumnavigator, with his accomplished scientific colleague, Sir Joseph Banks, stepped on shore in Australia. However destitute such a spot may be of interest in its natural characteristics, this fact, with the associations afterwards connected with the early history of this colony of New South Wales, will render it for all time the first historical landmark of a future Anglo-Saxon empire. From the sketch it will be seen that the landing-place was on a shelving rock

under an overhanging cliff, which has been hollowed out by the surf, where it sometimes breaks with great violence. It is a sandstone rock, with but scant vegetation on the top, consisting of bottle-brush and stunted gum-trees, and the peculiar salsolaceous plants called "pigs-faces" by the colonists, growing luxuriantly amongst the spray, as represented, hanging over the cliff. As far as these natural features mark the spot, it is at this day the same as when Captain Cook landed, in 1770. None of the changes which have metamorphosed the adjacent country at Port Jackson from a wilderness to a splendid, populous city and suburbs, have reached this rocky point of Botany Bay, except where a metal tablet has been fixed on the face of the cliff, as seen in the engraving, whereon an inscription is engraved, recording the event, as follows:—

A.D. M.D.C.C.L.X.X.
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF BRITISH SCIENCE,
THESE SHORES WERE DISCOVERED
BY
JAMES COOK & JOSEPH BANKS;
THE COLUMBUS AND MEXICUS OF THEIR TIME.
THIS SPOT ONCE SAW THEM
ABSENT IN THE PURSUIT OF SCIENCE;
NOW
TO THEIR MEMORY
THIS TABLET IS INSCRIBED,
IN THE FIRST YEAR
OF THE
PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA.
BY THOMAS BRIDGES, F.R.S. L. & C.
CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.
A.D. MDCCCXXI.

Captain Cook entered the bay and examined it as well as his short stay permitted. He describes it as being safe and capacious. When the boats first touched the shore, two or three men, with a woman and some young children, made their appearance. The natives were not disposed to allow their soil to be invaded without resistance, but a few small shot put the whole party to flight, and they were so frightened that they even disregarded the beads and other things left in the huts in order to conciliate them. A search was at once made for fresh water, but little could be found. Cook then took his party over to the north point of the bay, where an ample supply was discovered, and on the following morning a small stream was found, giving more than sufficient for the wants of the party. The entrance of the bay is a little more than a mile broad, but the bay afterwards enlarges to about three miles in width. It was called Botany Bay from the great quantity of plants found there.

About eighteen years after this, at the end of January 1788, a second event took place in Botany Bay, no less important than the first in the history of Australia. This was the arrival of the first fleet of convict ships for the purpose of forming a penal settlement upon its shores. Our youthful readers of the present generation cannot understand the mental shudder with which their parents heard in by-gone times the name of that harbour. As its name imports, the bay was so called by Captain Cook, in consequence of his illustrious companion Banks having discovered so many new and beautiful specimens of botany. Yet that name was associated with all that is vile and criminal, in consequence of the British Government fixing on its shores as the future place of transportation for doubly and trebly convicted felons. Even among the criminal class at home, a returned "Botany Bay convict" was shunned with dread. Now it may appear strange, but it is nevertheless true, that this scientifically-named harbour, which associated the study of flowers with the most debased people, never became the site of a penal settlement, and only once did con-

vict ships ever anchor in its waters. Notwithstanding this fact, for a whole generation Botany Bay was the common name applied to the place in speaking of felons transported to New South Wales, no matter what part of the country they were located in; so that, according to the old adage, "Give a dog a bad name, and it will stick to him," this harbour was deemed a sink of iniquity, while it remained all the time, and does to this day, the choicest field for the botanist in studying the flora of Australia.

The story of this passage in Australian history is briefly as follows:—When the British nation quarrelled with the American colonies, and the independence of the thirteen United States was established, a grave matter for the consideration of King George III and his government was the disposal of the criminal population sentenced to banishment as heretofore to America. Captain Cook's journal was consulted, which gave a favourable account of Botany Bay as a desirable place for that purpose. On this recommendation the first fleet of ships was sent there, and, as already mentioned, arrived safe on the 26th January, 1788. This expedition was under the command of Captain Phillip, the first Governor of New South Wales; who, on examining the bay and its shores, found neither eligible for the purpose of establishing a penal settlement. He found the anchorage exposed to the fury of the south-east winds, causing a dangerous and heavy swell. The bay itself was of great extent, but there was a shallow bar to cross before reaching deep water and a sheltered haven. But the chief deficiency was the want of a permanent stream of fresh water for a large community, while the land was sandy and marshy, with only a few patches fit for culture.

In this dilemma Governor Phillip acted with the greatest promptitude and decision. He countermanded previous orders to prepare for disembarkation, and held counsel with his officers to consult upon the serious aspect of affairs at their disappointment on finding Captain Cook's account of Botany Bay so much more favourable than the reality. In justice to that navigator, it must be observed that he saw the bay and its shores in autumn, when the westerly winds prevail, and the weather is cool with refreshing showers that fill the watercourses and freshen the vegetation; while Phillip arrived at the height of the summer, when, in those latitudes, the land and streams are parched up, and the sea-breezes blow strong from the north-east.

On consulting Cook's charts, the Governor thought that Port Jackson might be a better harbour and country; and, as it was only a short distance off, he formed a party and explored it in one day. To his delight and amazement, it was found to possess advantages for the safe anchorage of the ships, the landing of the people, and a supply of fresh water beyond his most sanguine expectations. Subsequent surveys not only confirmed this impression, but at this day there is perhaps no natural harbour in the known world so suitable for the port of a great city as that of Port Jackson, although the land is ill adapted for grazing or agriculture. Under the circumstances, it was a most providential thing that Phillip discovered it before he had fixed upon any other place. As it turned out, this pioneer community at Sydney Cove encountered the greatest privations from famine, which would have been still more serious if the site of the settlement had been deficient in the first necessary of a plentiful supply of fresh water.

With feelings of the most satisfactory nature every one left the shores of Botany Bay without regret, and rejoiced on landing at Sydney Cove, in the harbour of Port Jack-

son, on the 26th January. Here was fixed the site of the future settlement. The forest was soon cleared, and huts arose on the surrounding slopes and heights, where at the present day stands the picturesque and wealthy city of Sydney. For many years the Cove was the only place where convict ships were sent to, and the settlement on shore the only receptacle for banished prisoners from the United Kingdom. Afterwards numerous sub-settlements were formed in the interior and on other parts of the coast, besides Van Dieman's Land, now called Tasmania; but at no time did a convict ship enter Botany Bay to land its freight of criminals, or was a penal establishment formed on its shores. However well adapted the sandy and marshy soil may be for producing the strange plants of Australia, yet no one has been able to produce much that is valuable out of the ground. The only source of profit is in the fish found in its waters, from whence Sydney is chiefly supplied. This has created a little village of fishermen on its north shore, who are the erratic population of the place. Nearer the headland on the same side, several houses have been erected, and a large hotel built for the accommodation of visitors, who prefer this bay to Port Jackson for bathing; otherwise there is very little alteration on its shores, from the time when Cook landed, or the first fleet of convict ships sailed into it seventy-seven years ago.

Before leaving Botany Bay, Governor Phillip had an interview with the natives, who did not dispute his landing, but seemed friendly, though timorous. Whether they entertained a dread of their visitors from the recollection of the shot fired at the first landing by Cook's party, does not appear; but Captain Tende, of the marines, who published the first narrative of the expedition, relates the most friendly visits to these children of nature, such as follows:—"I went with a party to the south side of the harbour, and had scarcely landed five minutes, when we were met by a dozen Indians, naked as at the moment of their birth, walking along the beach. Eager to come to a conference, and yet afraid of giving offence, we advanced with caution towards them, nor would they at first approach nearer to us than the distance of some paces. Both parties were armed; yet an attack seemed as unlikely on their part as we knew it to be on our own. I had at this time a little boy, of not more than seven years of age, in my hand, and advanced with him, at the same time baring his bosom and showing the whiteness of his skin, at which they gave a loud acclamation. An old man with a long beard, hideously ugly, then with great gentleness laid his hand on the child's hat, and afterwards felt his clothes, muttering to himself all the while. These people seemed at a loss to know of what sex we were—probably from our want of beards—which, having understood, they burst into the most immoderate fits of laughter." "An officer one day prevailed on one of them to place a shield, made of bark, against a tree, which he fired at with a pistol. The Indians, though terrified at the report, did not run away, but their astonishment exceeded their alarm, on looking at the shield where the ball had perforated. As this produced a little shyness, the officer, to dissipate their fears and remove their jealousy, whistled the air of 'Malbrooke,' which they appeared highly charmed with, and imitated with equal pleasure and readiness." Thus in their savage state did they show a gentleness of disposition, yet, on occasion, a boldness of character that might have been turned to good account, if they had shown the slightest inclination to labour like civilized people. Notwithstanding some successful efforts of

Christian missionaries, contact with the white man debased them still more, from which cause they are fast disappearing from their native land. Like the kangaroo and emu, that vanish before the sheep and cattle of the colonists, the aborigines retreat and become extinct as the white man ploughs up the wilderness and introduces the elements of an all-subduing civilization.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

VI.

THERE is hardly any college in the University that has such illustrious associations connected with it as Corpus Christi. Erasmus used to say that what the Colossus was to Rhodes, what the Mausoleum was to Caria, that Corpus Christi College would be to Great Britain. Although Corpus is not exactly one of the wonders of the world, yet hardly any college of the same limited extent has surpassed the memorabilia of its history. Its origin is due, although in unequal proportions, to two bishops, Fox and Oldham, who are respectively commemorated by a pelican and an owl over the gateway. Bishop Fox intended at first only a monastic institution, in honour of St. Swithin, and in connection with the priory of Winchester, he then possessing "the deep manger" of that see; but Oldham, more far-sighted in the signs of the times, and discerning that a dissolution of monasteries must one day ensue, is said to have thus dissuaded him: "What, my lord," he is reported to have said, "shall we build houses and provide livelihoods for a company of monks, whose end and fall we ourselves may live to see? No, it is more meet, a great deal, that we should have care to provide for the increase of learning, and for such as should do good to the church and commonwealth." Fox not only took the hint, but provided teachers in Greek and Latin, giving one more impulse to that revival of learning which was then stirring Europe and preparing the way for the Reformation. Still, in the very name of his college, Corpus Christi, Fox sought to perpetuate the Roman Catholic dogma of transubstantiation. This is also indicated by the chalice and patten over the gate. Fox dedicated his college to the four saints who were patrons of the four sees over which he had presided, Exeter, Bath and Wells, Durham, Winchester.

Fox is the last example of those munificent prelates who, with generous forethought, devoted their wealth to the good of posterity, and have given the country the most precious of its learned and charitable foundations. He is one of the leading historical characters throughout the reign of Henry VII, but on the accession of the young king he appears to have retired into obscurity. He lived to an extreme old age, being latterly quite blind. It is recorded of him that no less than two hundred and twenty persons were fed every day at his table, to each of whom he left maintenance for a year after his decease, and a sum of money. In commemoration of their illustrious benefactor, a tame fox was long kept by the college.

The old quadrangle is just in the same position as it was left by the founder Fox. The crozier, also, which Fox used to wear is carefully preserved, elaborately ornamented according to the jeweller's art of the fourteenth century. The entrance into the quadrangle is through a noble gateway, the vaulted ceiling of which is beautifully traced. In the midst of the quadrangle there is a cylindrical dial, curiously constructed by a former Fellow, with a perpetual calendar, over which there is a set of armorial bearings, in which the pelican is of course

included. Opposite the entrance is the founder's statue, and in the president's lodgings is the founder's portrait, where it is kept in good company by the portraits of the Seven Bishops of the Tower. The gem of the chapel is an altarpiece by Rubens, which was purchased from the Condé collection at Chantilly, and the chapel still possesses the brass eagle given by its first president. A pleasant time may be whiled away in the library, which occupies the first floor of the south side of the quadrangle. It has a separate chamber for archives, in which are some valuable manuscripts, but this library is rich both in manuscripts and rare books. Among the latter is a valuable set of the Aldine classics, which were, however, allowed to repose undisturbed, with leaves uncut, until the beginning of the present century. The carved oak work of the bookcases, with their ornamentation, belongs to the time of James I. The modern pile of building, called Turner's Building, after the president who erected it, is spacious and handsome; the design is supposed to have been furnished by Dean Aldrich of Christ Church, famous for architecture, music, and logic.

The college hall has comparatively few portraits, but these are interesting and good. The timber roof is praised as a genuine specimen of late perpendicular work. Among the curious ancient plate is a pix of exquisite beauty, and certain sets of spoons emblazoned with the armorial owl of Bishop Oldham, who persistently favoured the rise of the college, and was one of its earliest benefactors. In the gateway tower is the founder's chamber, similar to what we witnessed at Magdalen. The theory seems to have been that the president should live on a watch-tower, and keep an eye on everything that entered the college; at the present day, however, the head of a college generally inhabits the only house belonging to it, and the real work of supervision rests with other officials. Corpus has its cloisters, which have afforded a resting-place for many good and distinguished men. The gardens are pretty, with a fine view from the terraces commanding the Christ Church and Merton grounds, and traces of the old city wall, which divides the Corpus grounds from the gardens of the canon of Christ Church, who is Margaret Professor of Divinity.

But the great glory of Corpus is the memory of the illustrious men who belonged to the foundation. Going up the library staircase, on the second floor, the pilgrim comes to the rooms once occupied by the illustrious Hooker. Corpus abounds with the names of illustrious men. Ludovicus Vives and Cardinal Pole are such; also the famous nonconformist Reynolds, who accepted a mitre; Jackson and Jewell, princes among divines; the ever-memorable John Hales; Pococke, the Orientalist, with other men most famous in their day, but whose memory has now waxed somewhat dim. Nor is the modern reputation of the college inferior to its ancient renown. The great law lords Stowell and Tenterden belonged to it; Bishop Coplestone of Llandaff; the geologist Dean Buckland; also Dr. Arnold and John Keble, before they were transferred to Oriel.

We are told of Jewell that when he was at Corpus he used to begin his studies at four in the morning, and continue them till ten at night. Like various Oxford men at the present time, he took a little living in the immediate neighbourhood of Oxford, "more out of a desire to do good than for the salary, which was but small; whither he went once a fortnight on foot, though he was lame, and it was troublesome to him to walk." Although his life "was angelical and extremely honest," on the accession of Mary he was obliged to leave Oxford,

of which he took an affecting farewell. "I must say, farewell my studies, farewell to these beloved houses, farewell these pleasant seats of learning, farewell to the most delightful conversation with you." When Jewell was subsequently made by Elizabeth Bishop of Salisbury, he was the means of sending Hooker to Corpus. All readers of Walton's "Lives" must remember with delight the account of Jewell's kindly, simple conduct towards Hooker. Jewell gave him his staff with which he had travelled through many parts of Germany, saying, "Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard."

Some later biographies have given us glimpses of the modern life of Corpus. The late Bishop Coplestone was a youthful tutor at Corpus when Napoleon's invasion was expected, and made his appearance as a captain of volunteers, leading his pupils from the class-room to the drill-ground. In the life of Dr. Arnold there is a very interesting letter by Mr. Justice Coleridge, speaking of the friendships which he formed, especially with Dr. Arnold,—“within the peaceful walls of Corpus—a college very small in its numbers and humble in its buildings, but to which we and our fellow-students formed an attachment never weakened in the after-course of our lives. Corpus at this time was a very small establishment: twenty Fellows and twenty scholars, with four exhibitions, formed the foundation. No independent members were admitted except gentlemen-commoners, and they were limited to six. The scholarships, though not entirely open, were yet enough so to admit of much competition; their value, and still more the creditable wisdom and impartiality with which the examinations were conducted (qualities at that time more rare in college elections than now), insured a number of good candidates for each vacancy, and we boasted a more than proportionate share of successful competitors for university honours.” Sir John gives a very pleasing account of the youthful undergraduates residing at Corpus, which, *mutatis mutandis*, represents very fairly what we should find among the intellectual undergraduates of the present day. “The result of all these circumstances was that we lived on the most familiar terms with each other; we might be, indeed we were, somewhat boyish in manner, and in the liberties we took with each other; but our interest in literature, ancient and modern, and in all the stirring matters of that stirring time, was not boyish. We debated the classic and romantic questions; we discussed poetry and history, logic and philosophy; or we fought over the Peninsular battles and the Continental campaigns with the energy of disputants personally concerned in them.” The present aged Bishop of Exeter obtained a scholarship at Corpus when a boy in jackets.

At Lincoln College there is a vine which has been carefully cultivated to the present day, the walls of the interior quadrangle of the college being covered with the branches. The story goes that the vine had been thus carefully tended out of a feeling of affection and gratitude. The college had been founded A.D. 1427, by Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln; but it derived little beyond the name from its founder, who died before

his plans for its good could be carried into execution. In this state of poverty and depression it was visited by Bishop Rotheram, afterwards Archbishop of York and Chancellor, who was staying on a visit with the rector, Dr. Tristoppe. The latter preached a sermon on

ambition, was nevertheless a munificent fosterer of learning. It is handsomely fitted with a cedar wainscoting and screens; on the north side are the twelve apostles, and on the south side twelve of the prophets. The second quadrangle was built by Sir Thomas



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

the wants of his college, from the text, "Behold, and visit this vine," etc., Ps. lxxx. 14, 15; so that the good bishop could with difficulty restrain his tears till the discourse was finished, and he afterwards richly endowed the college. In gratitude for this event, the vine has always been held at Lincoln in great veneration and honour. A certain good Dean Forest rivals Rotheram in his kindly care and the extent of his benefactions. The library is remarkable, if only for having escaped the hands of King Edward's commissioners, when "this and other libraries were visited and purged, suffering thereby such an incredible damage that posterity have cursed their proceedings." (Wood.) The chapel contains some curiously-stained glass, said to have been brought from Italy by the Lord Keeper Williams, by whom it was built, and who, with all his luxury and

Rotheram, a Fellow, and of the same family as the good bishop.

It is remarkable that the original founder, Flemmyng, founded the college with a view of providing a bulwark against the spread of Wycliffism; and Mr. Froude tells us that Lollards were imprisoned at the treasury at Lincoln. It is remarkable, however, that a manuscript copy of Wycliffe's Bible is one of the most precious possessions of the library; and that John Wesley, a second Wycliffe, originally belonged to Lincoln. He is depicted to us as "going hence, through a ridiculing crowd, to receive the weekly sacrament at St. Mary's, with his hair remarkably long, and flowing loose upon his shoulders."

There is still a college officer at Lincoln called the "corrector," who keeps a scourge, as the ensign of

his authority, because formerly the "corrector" used to chastise delinquent Fellows.

Opposite Lincoln, in the Turl, is Jesus College. This is the Welsh College, and was founded entirely for the use of Welshmen. It is remarkable as being the first Protestant college in Oxford, being founded in the earlier part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Hugh ap Rice. It contains the tomb of the great "international" lawyer, to use Jeremy Bentham's happy word, Sir Leoline Jenkins. On Wednesdays and Fridays the service is in the Welsh language, and over the door is the motto, "Ascendit oratio, descendit gratia." The new frontage of the college was erected in 1855. There is a curious portrait of Queen Elizabeth, under whose auspices Ap Rice built the college. The library has some remarkable manuscripts, among which are those of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the elder brother of George Herbert the poet, a Welshman, but not a member of this college. There is a fine hall fitted up by Sir Eubule Thelwall, a noted Principal, with an oaken roof, elaborate screen, and noble bay window. Sir Eubule, "who left nothing undone which might conduce to the good of the college," has a tomb in the chapel with other worthies.

University College has, perhaps, a prior right to be considered before all other colleges, inasmuch as it claims to have been founded by King Alfred himself. This tradition, "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," was sanctioned by a judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench in 1726. The long, weather-beaten front, with its massive tower gateway, is one of the most striking ornaments of the "stream-like windings of the glorious street." There are, however, few visible signs of the hoar antiquity boasted by University College. Both of the present buildings are of an earlier date than the reign of the first Charles. The frontage is "of the late Gothic of Charles, topped by a serrated outline of gables." William of Durham, in the thirteenth century, is probably the more authentic founder of this college. Over the gate is a statue of Queen Anne, and a niche in the interior has one of the two existing statues of James II, given to the college by the renowned Dr. Obadiah Walker. This Master of University bears a well-remembered part in the Oxford events which led to the English Revolution, and the permanent expulsion of the House of Stuart. He was master for two years and a half, and during his incumbency he became a convert to Romanism, and openly celebrated mass in the rooms adjoining the east end of the chapel. The burden of an undergraduates' song was—

"Old Obadiah
Sings Ave Maria."

He lost his headship after the Revolution, being tried and dismissed from his office. The chapel exhibits the incongruity, not unfrequent through the defective architectural taste of our countrymen, of presenting Greek ornamentation in a Gothic room. Still the general effect is sufficiently remarkable. The wood work is of oak and cedar; the grained ceiling and carving is in the style of Grinling Gibbons. There are some painted windows of brilliant hues, the east window being the gift of Dr. Radcliffe. The most interesting monument is one by Flaxman, to the memory of Sir William Jones; a bas-relief represents him as proposing his "Digest of the Hindoo Laws." A Hindoo is with him, but the point hardly seems to be cleared up to the satisfaction of topographers, whether the Hindoo is expounding the Vedas to Sir William, or William is

expounding the Digest to the Hindoo. The monument is a fine one, and was originally intended by his widow for Calcutta, but, as the East India Company had resolved on a statue for themselves, it was subsequently presented to the college.

"An old ceremony of chopping the block is still preserved here at Easter. Each member as he leaves the hall strikes with a cleaver at a block, which is wreathed with flowers for the occasion; the tradition being, that whosoever shall succeed in cleaving it, will become the possessor of all the college estates. All the members of the college are awakened in the morning by a violent cudgelling at the foot of each staircase. A more remarkable ceremony follows the administration of the sacrament, when Master and Fellows adjourn to the ante-chapel, whither they are followed by a Bible Clerk, bearing the remains of the sacred elements, which they consume, standing in a semi-circle." (Murray.)

The east court has only three sides, and was built at the expense of Dr. Radcliffe. The handsome west buildings, abutting on the High Street, were erected from a design by Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament. The library, lately refitted, is adorned with the armorial bearings of benefactors in stained glass, the gift of the present Master, Dr. Plumptre. The hall is paved with marble, and has a fireplace, the gift of Sir Roger Newdigate, the founder of the University prize, and a member of this college. The hall has various portraits of many illustrious members who once belonged to the college. Among the pictures of men more or less illustrious are Archbishops Bancroft and Abbot, the Earl of Eldon, Sir Thomas Plumer, William Wyndham, Archbishop Potter, Dr. Radcliffe, Sir William Jones, Sir Roger Newdigate, and others. The poet Shelley was once a member of this college, but was expelled. "In his time books, papers, boots, philosophical instruments, clothes, pistols, linen, crockery, bags, and boxes were scattered on the floor and in every place; tables and carpets stained with large fire-spots; an electric-machine, air-pump, solar microscopes, etc.; two piles of books supported the tongs, and then a small glass retort, above an Argand lamp, which soon boiled over, added fresh stains to the table, and rose in disagreeable fumes." Dr. Johnson, in his day, was a constant visitor, and Boswell tells us that, as was too usual, he used to imbibe deeply of port without being the worse for it. The late Dr. Routh recollected stopping in the High Street "to see him scramble up the steps of University College."

If University College is among the most ancient, Worcester is among the most modern in Oxford. Yet on the site where Worcester is built once stood a college which might vie with University in point of antiquity. Gloucester Hall used to be here, a college originally founded in 1283 for the reception of Benedictine novices from Gloucester, but subsequently thrown open to all other Benedictine abbeys and priories. In 1560 the premises were made over to the President and Fellows of St. John, and it was then known as St. John Baptist's Hall. We are told that it continued very prosperous till the time of the Rebellion, its members wearing their "doublets of cloth, of silver, and gold;" but after the war it fell into insignificance, so that the "paths were grown over with grass, and the way into the hall and chapel made up with boards." In 1714 its possessors made it over to the trustees of Sir Thomas Cookes, to carry out his design of erecting a college which should be more expressly for the behoof of natives of the county of Worcester.

The present college is spacious and comfortable, but the low buildings on the south side of the quadrangle, the remains of the old foundation, are the only picturesque parts about it. The library is of some repute, and boasts of Inigo Jones's copy of the works of Palladio, with notes and sketches in his own hand. But the fine gardens of Worcester, with their noble sheet of ornamental water, form the principal attraction. The land was formerly a mere swampy meadow, but may now take a high place among the finest grounds which belong to the University. A moat runs along the lower end of the Worcester domain, on one side of which is to be discovered a Gothic archway, the watergate of old Rewley Abbey and its solitary relic.

Entering the road opposite Worcester College, we come to the long, elegant façade of the University Press, built in 1830 out of the profits of the Press Fund. The south wing is entirely used for the printing of Bibles and Prayer-books; the north wing for the printing of other works, almost entirely of a learned character. On the west side of the quadrangle are the houses of those chiefly engaged in this department. Mr. Combes, M.A., the partner of the University in printing, has a fine collection of modern paintings. The quadrangle itself is laid out as a garden, with a reservoir of water in the centre for the use of the works, well stocked with gold and silver fish. Opposite Worcester College is the entrance to that fine historical street, Beaumont Street. The present aspect of the street, made up of modern dwelling-houses as it is, might easily cause us to forget the modern associations that belong to it. It derives its name from the palace (*de bello monte*) built by Henry I outside the walls. Here Henry II resided for many years, during part of which Fair Rosamond lived in her neighbouring bower of Woodstock; and here also Richard Cœur de Lion was born. The palace was afterwards made over to the Carmelite friars by Edward II, in pursuance of a vow which he made on the field of Bannockburn; but until the time of Henry II the kings of England used to make this their resting-place when they visited Oxford. A fragment of it was remaining until a few years ago.

The University Galleries face Beaumont Street, the east wing of which constitutes the Taylor Institution, which we have already mentioned. In several respects the galleries are the most unique in the country. They contain all the original models of the busts and statues executed by Chantrey; and it has been observed that these original clay models, executed by the great sculptor himself, are often more happy than the marble copies. They were given to the University by his widow, Lady Chantrey. The Pomfret marbles are on the basement storey, one of which, a statue of Cicero, is characterised by Dr. Waagen as "a work of happy conception, of peculiar and fine cast of drapery, and admirable workmanship." We must not forget a sculpture of Nisroch, from Nineveh, presented by Mr. Layard, M.P. In a fire-proof gallery upstairs is a wonderful collection of original drawings, by Michael Angelo and Raphael. They were purchased by the University, from the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, for £7000, most of which was given by the Earl of Eldon. The gallery has also copies of Raphael's cartoons, and a small collection of early Florentine paintings. These art-treasures are of very great value, and furnish us with the original sketches of many of the most celebrated pictures of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

On the opposite side of St. Giles, with its terraced

walk partly facing the Taylor, is St. John's College. This college was founded by Sir Thomas White in 1555, on the site of the more ancient foundation of Archbishop Chichele. An elm-tree is pointed out in a small court opposite the president's lodgings, which is said to be the descendant of one beneath which Sir Thomas White was warned in a dream to build the college. Much of the present building, especially the entrance-gateway, belongs to the old foundation, and is genuine Gothic, belonging to the time of the Cistercian monks, who made over the site to Chichele. The hall, though greatly modernised, is evidently the ancient refectory. The front of St. John's is shaded with a row of trees, which was once also the case with Balliol, and this helps to give the fine street of St. Giles a foreign and somewhat boulevard-like appearance. Sir Thomas White was the son of a clothier at Reading, and from this circumstance the college has always stood in close relationship with Merchant-Taylors' School. Sir Thomas lies beneath the altar of the chapel; and in process of time there also came from Reading, on the foundation which he had established, the unhappy and ill-fated Laud, who was destined to be the second founder of the college, and repose in the same tomb. The east quadrangle was built by Inigo Jones at the cost of Laud, who has also made the garden front the most picturesque in the University. The inner library is called Laud's library, and has Laud's portrait; it also has the cap in which he was beheaded, his episcopal crozier, and the walking-stick which supported him to the scaffold. There is an absurd legend that Laud still walks the room with his head in his hand. There is also a curious portrait of Laud's master, Charles I, with the whole Book of Psalms written in his hair and the lines of his face. King Charles gave two hundred tons of timber out of the royal forests. In this library, Laud, as Chancellor of the University, entertained the king and queen at dinner, with Prince Rupert, the Elector Palatine, and the whole court. After dinner they went to an entertainment in the hall; and later still, at the then advanced hour of eight o'clock, they went to Christ Church to witness the performance of a drama.

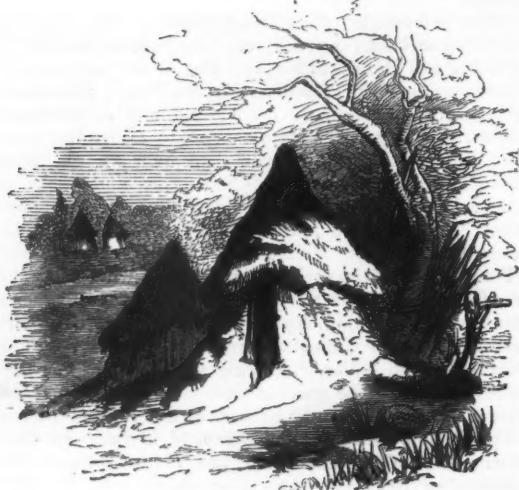
The colonnade of the quadrangle of St. John's is very remarkable, as also are the bronze statues of Charles and Henrietta Maria. But, in the judgment of many, the exterior attractions of St. John's were much more striking than any ornamental and architectural effects. The gardens are very spacious, covering some five acres, and on the whole are perhaps the most beautiful in the University. The oriels and gables of the college look nobly amid the verdure of the chest-nuts. More than a hundred years ago these gardens were justly famous. Salmon's "Foreigners' Companion" (1748) speaks of the various divisions and wilderness and mound, and tells how the grounds would be crowded on a fine summer evening, a promenade of "the whole University together almost, as well as the better sort of townsmen and ladies." During the whole of the succeeding century the gardens have received the greatest attention, and have now arrived at the highest degree of perfection. The Masonic fête held in these gardens during the Commemoration has almost become an established institution of the University.

The chapel suffered greatly during the time of the Civil Wars, and still more from the debased style in which it was repaired at the time of the Restoration. In 1843 it was carefully restored, under the care of Mr. Blenc, in the original Gothic style. In the north-east corner is a beautiful little burial-place, fitted up with an organ and

with monuments. No monument, however, marks the spot where the three most illustrious members of the college repose—the pious founder, Archbishop Laud, and Laud's successor for a few brief years in the restored primacy, Archbishop Juxon. Besides these, Shirley the poet, Abraham Tucker the kindhearted and ingenious metaphysician, Wheatley the divine, Knox the essayist, several men eminent in natural and physical science, a Lord Chancellor, and a Chief Justice are enumerated among the worthies of St. John's. But the great men and the great events of the seventeenth century form the principal associations. So truly has it been remarked that at every turn of the history of the University we are brought into contact with the history of the nation. "The name of Balliol still lives in his father's benefaction, long after its disappearance from every other quarter. The dark shadow of the reign of the second Edward rests on the college of Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, who perished fighting in the streets of London in the cause of his unfortunate master. The most illustrious of our heirs-apparent, Edward the Black Prince—Henry v, 'hostium victor et sui'—Henry, Prince of Wales, the Marcellus of the House of Stuart, were educated within the walls of that college and Magdalen. The architect of the noblest of our regal palaces was also the architect and founder of the most elaborate of our colleges, and the genius of Wolsey still lives in the graceful tower of Magdalen, and the magnificent courts of Christ Church. The most permanent impress of the administration of Laud was till lately to be found in the new academical constitution which sprung from his hands. All Souls is a monument of Agincourt; Queen's of Hali-don Hill; Lincoln of the rise of Wycliffe; Corpus of the revival of letters; the storms of the Reformation, of the Civil Wars, of the Revolution, swept with no ordinary vehemence round the walls of Balliol, of St. John's, and of Magdalen."

THE DWELLINGS OF THE CELTS.

BY G. E. RATTISON, F.R.S.



In the year 1857, being at Weston-super-Mare, I became interested in the discoveries then being made in the course of explorations within the British camp on Worle Hill. The close bite of the sheep, on the herbage within the old intrenchments, disclosed slight hollows; on

digging into them they were found to be the traces of circular pits excavated in the lias-rock and rubble of the hill, about six feet deep, lined with dry masonry, about two yards in diameter, apparently forming the lower portions of huts, which had been carried up with turf or stone and covered with some kind of thatch. The evidence of the latter was the occurrence of burnt vegetable matter amongst the contents of the pits, disposed as though the roof had been set on fire.

In many of the pits were one or more skeletons, lying confusedly; on inspection it was found that they bore marks of death by violence, in the shape of fractured skulls and wounded limb bones.

Below the skeletons, and on the surface of the rock, there were grains of wheat, remains of birds, horses' teeth, fragments of coarse pottery, and bones of swine.

In one of the excavations there was a store of wheat and barley, separated from each other, and a portion of a sedge mat or basket. In another pit were found, carefully placed under a ledge of rock, two rings of iron and a portion of a bronze ring.

Some pebbles from the shore, apparently brought up to be used as hammers, and a small ball of ochre, rewarded the discoverers in another pit.

Opinions are divided as to whether these remains exhibit the results of the sanguinary strife which ended in the military possession of these parts by Ostorius Scapula, in the reign of the Emperor Claudian, A.D. 50; or of equally bloody encounters which raged between the Saxons and the degenerate Romanised Britons in the fourth or fifth century. They may, with equal probability, be attributed to one or more of the local conflicts which prevailed during the period of barbarism, and which induced Milton to declare our early annals as uninteresting as those of combats between crows and kites.

The grounds for attributing the construction of these buildings to the early inhabitants are,—the nature of their contents, the fact of their being occasionally surrounded by irregular earthworks attributed to the Britons, and their entire dissimilarity in structure to the angular buildings of historical times.

Some Roman coins found within the inclosures appear to show that the huts were used during the Roman occupation, as they probably had been long before that time. Some of the pits were evidently storehouses, others cooking-hearths; some of the long galleries were probably dormitories; but there is no reason to doubt that these poor tenements were, in fact, the dwelling-places of the native population.

It may, therefore, be safely concluded that the hut-builders lived in small hovels, partly excavated, partly raised, and thatched with willows or straw, clustered within low intrenchments; that they possessed wheat and barley and swine; that they hoarded their little stores at the bottom of their wretched huts; that coarse pottery and rush baskets constituted their fictile and textile ware, ochre their personal ornamentation; that they lived in terror, and died in their homes by the arrow, the axe, the stone, and the sword. Such is the scanty story of their wretched life, miserable death, and neglected burial.

These were our forefathers. For ancestral extraction in this land we can go but little further back than this; whether they were Celts or Belgæ, this was their condition.

There still exist large tracts of waste land in the south-west of England, untouched by the plough, and covered with natural unimproved pasture. The downs of Wiltshire, Salisbury Plain, and numerous smaller commons (many of which are fast disappearing, owing

to the march of inclosure); the moors of Devonshire, including Dartmoor, those of Cornwall, and the granite uplands of Scilly,—all these, like the open lands of Derbyshire and of the north of England, the Borders, and of Scotland, have thinly scattered over them groups of ancient insignificant hut-circles, now known to be the remains of the dwellings of a pre-historic British population. Probably, ere cultivation had obliterated their traces, they were equally or more numerous in the more fertile portions of the island; but at present it is only in the open spaces remaining free from culture or building that we can discover the humble structures of our forefathers. It is more than probable that, in the woodland districts, the dwellings were formed after the same circular type, but constructed of timber instead of stone, and therefore speedily decayed after their abandonment.

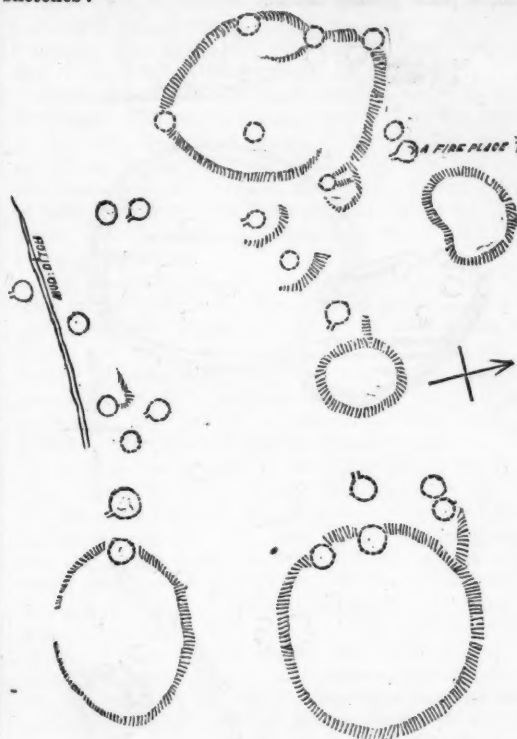
In 1840 I traced out the remains of numerous hut-circles, and fragments of archaic buildings, on the slopes of Brown Willy, the highest hill in Cornwall. Some years afterwards, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, with the genius of a true archaeologist, explored and described them. A full account of his researches is contained in the "Proceedings of the Royal Institution of Cornwall" for 1860. The locality is now marked by the erection of a modern granite obelisk, standing in the most lonely part of the moor, at the head of a small stream under Roughtor Hill, which commemorates the cruel murder there, about a quarter of a century ago, of a young farm-servant girl, named Charlotte Dymond, by her jealous sweetheart, Matthew Weekes, who was executed at Bodmin for the murder. I was crossing the moor, near the ancient British hut-circles, when search was being made for the body of the poor girl, and on returning I overtook, on the wilds near Lambleary Rock, the cart which had just taken the lifeless object of their search to the nearest hamlet at the moor-gate. The deep feeling of horror produced by this crime, in this thinly-peopled district, has not yet died out; the obelisk was raised by public subscription, to transmit to future ages the expression of the sentiment.

All persons who have traversed the picturesque line of the South Devon Railway, from Exeter to Plymouth, will recollect how, after skirting the red warm shore, dipping as it were into the sea, coming in sight of Torbay in its golden splendour, the route suddenly takes to the hills; and, after running up the estuary of the Teign, passing by Totnes, attains a high level, and borders the moorland of Dartmoor, until it again descends to the estuary of the Plym; then turning to the right, the Tavistock branch borders the other side of the hill country. In the wedge formed by these routes, and a continuation of the latter to Okehampton, lies the forest or wilderness of Dartmoor, a region of elevated tableland, with numerous granite peaks, but for the most part characterised by coarse pasture and peat land. The moor is but slightly encroached on by civilization. A visitor to Chagford, for instance, may within a very short walk get beyond the limit of civilization and culture. There he will find extensive and numerous traces of the early dwellers.

By the kindness of Mr. Nicholas Whitley, of Truro, we are favoured with original plans of hut-circles in Dartmoor, taken by him in the year 1855. A few of these will serve to illustrate the whole series of similar structures.

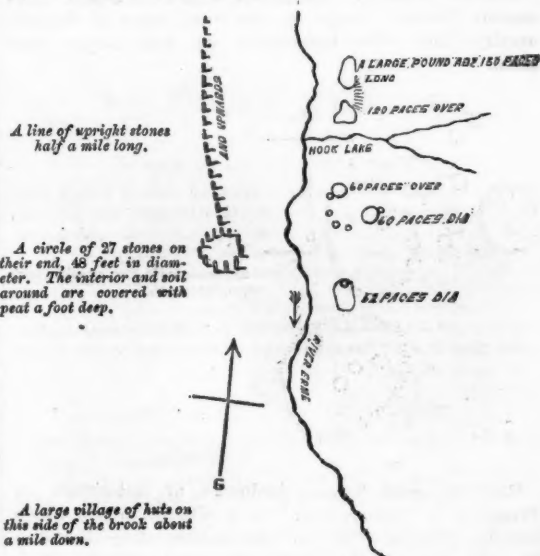
The brawling stream which leaps and foams at the foot of the gorges spanned by the South Devon Railway at Ivy Bridge, is the river Erme, which flows down from the uplands by Harford Church. About a

mile above the latter, on the slope of the hill towards the south and west, are the remains of a considerable haunt of the ancient people, shown in the following sketches:—



Scale 90 paces to an inch.

Three miles farther on, the pedestrian reaches another group of hut-circles, within a stone avenue, on the opposite bank of the river.



Many other Celtic remains are scattered along the headwaters of the Erme, the Leam, and the Plym. We show on the next page one collection, at Leam Heads.

of remark was presented, except that, at a foot below the surface, some black stones appear to have been placed on the clay, forming a sort of under pavement. The pottery may be useful in determining the period when those long-desolate and humble dwellings were inhabited."

Among the moorlands and wolds of North-east Yorkshire, now so full of life from the discovery of the Cleveland iron-stone, but untouched by spade or plough, there are several groups of aboriginal dwellings. These were first described by Mr. Young, the author of an excellent "History of Whitley," as follows:—

"The Britons of that age, especially the more northern tribes, such as the Brigantes, appear to have been in the same savage state as the Kaffres, Bechuanas, and other tribes in the interior of South Africa are found at this day. Their clothing, when they wore any, consisted of skins; they stained their bodies with paint or ochre, and often marked them with figures, something in the way of the South-Sea tattooing. They lived in circular huts, nearly in the shape of bee-hives, like those of the native Africans; as we may yet see in the remains of their dwellings at Eyton Grange, Harewood Dale, etc. To construct a hut, they dug a round hole in the ground, and with the earth and stones cast out in the digging, made a kind of wall, which was surmounted with boughs of trees meeting together at the top, to form a sort of roof, over which there might be a covering of sods to protect them from the weather, a hole being left on one side, to serve the triple purpose of a door, a window, and a chimney. The fire was placed in the centre of the floor, and the inhabitants sat or lay on the ground around it. Remains of the charcoal of their fires are found in digging in the middle of the hollows that mark the sites of these ancient dwellings. In such wretched huts, large families of men, women, and children would be promiscuously huddled together, as is the case with the South African savages; and this mode of life might give rise to the statements of Cæsar and Dion Cassius, that among the Britons it was customary for every ten or twelve men, and those the nearest relations, to have their wives in common."

These remains are at Harewood Dale, and at Eyton Grange, and Claughton, both within easy reach of Scarborough. In search of them I walked from Redcar across the Cleveland country to the hill called Rosebury Topping, on the slopes of which are the pits. Well do I remember the lonesomeness of that bright summer afternoon on the bare conical hill, with no living thing in sight save a few sheep panting amidst the gorse, no sound save the occasional hum of the bee, the deep-blue cloudless sky above, the still azure sea in the distance, the brown hills below, and around the slight memorials speaking of early races of men.

Musing on the habits and manners of these ancient inhabitants of our land, I could not but think of them also as immortal beings, to whose life the grave was not the goal:

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

And, as the conviction of the inestimable advantages of Christianity arose in my mind, by way of contrast to the dark lot of the ancient inhabitants, a solemn sense of responsibility arose, "What do ye more than they?" What more than these nameless dwellers on the heath of a thousand years ago?

Similar remains may still be traced at Helen's Dale, in Sutherlandshire, Eddertown, in Ross-shire, near Cromarty, on the shores of the Domoch Firth, on the Scottish borders, on the Cheviot Hills, in the Beamish

and other Northumbrian valleys, at Kielden, in Yorkshire, at Clapham, in Ingleborough, in Anglessea, in Carnarvonshire, Monmouthshire, Derbyshire, Wiltshire, at Goodwood, in Sussex, and on the Wiltshire Downs. Connected with these dwellings are occasionally small inclosures for cattle, and generally an inclosure, like that of the South African village, for defence.

Scotland furnishes the most complete series of early dwellings. Not only are there preserved on the heaths of the north, from the Orkneys to the borders, groups of huts similar to those traced on Dartmoor, but more elaborate structures, formed of several chambers built of unhewn stones, and subterranean dwellings called weims, also dispersed in groups, and roofed with overlapping flag-stones.

The contents, too, of the Scottish dwellings have been better preserved. We read of the rude pottery, and hand-mills within, and heaps of deer bones and horns, and shells of mollusks, and ashes without. A variety of implements of stone, tin, bronze, and iron have been found.* All this shows the traces of long occupancy, and proves a connection between all the primitive antiquities of the pre-Saxon population. The barrow-builders, the stone and pillar people, the cromlech raisers, the camp constructors, the cave dwellers, the hut-circle folks, are all continuous occupants belonging to one and the same race, slowly acquiring better arts and better materials from without; a race whose origin stretches backwards into the epoch of the extinct animals, and reaches down to the diffusion of Saxon rule and Christianity. The lake dwellings and the cavern resorts of the aborigines would require too long a notice to refer to them here. I have confined my attention to the "lodges," as the North American Indians would style them, which were the village abodes of the early dwellers, the earliest and poorest embodiments of the home feeling.

The inquiry is not alluring, but the result may well induce devout thankfulness to our Heavenly Father that our lot has been cast in the end of the present dispensation rather than at its beginning, when the nations "sat in darkness and the shadow of death."

Original Fables.

THE CLAY AND THE WAX.

THE signet graver wanted to impress his seal, so he took clay and wax; but they both were hard, and would not receive the stamp.

"I will put them in the furnace," he said. So he laid them in the furnace, and the wax melted and yielded to the seal, but the clay was hardened and broke, and was thrown away as incapable of ever receiving the pressure of the signet.

So it was plain that, while the furnace softens some to prepare them for honour, others are hardened by it to their ruin.

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF THINGS.

"How dismal you look!" said a Bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for, let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way," said the Bucket. "Now I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

* See Wilson's "Pre-historic Annals of Scotland," vol. i., chap. 4.

MY FAULT NO FAULT.

"MADAM," said Time to a lady's pretty-faced Geneva watch that hung with many others in a jeweller's window—"Madam, can you recommend any of your neighbours for perfect truthfulness?"

"I'm sorry to say," replied the Geneva, "that I have my doubts of most of them, good-looking as they are—those golden hunters, for instance, they gain as if they were after the fox, and those heavy old silver ones lose as if they were in the fobs of drones who have nothing to do, and draw out the day to twenty-four hours."

"And you, madam?" said Time.

"I! I neither gain nor lose, I assure you: I keep quite correct. My fault does not lie in a gallop nor in a crawl."

"Your fault, madam! then you have a fault?" said Time.

"You may call it one if you please," said the Geneva, carelessly. "I occasionally forget myself and stop; but what is that?"

"Well, madam," said Time, "it is evidently nothing in your eyes, but most would think that to go a little too fast or a little too slow is not quite so bad as to stop altogether."

THE VAIN HOPE THAT MAKES ASHAMED.

"WHAT brought you here?" said the Hills to the Birds, as they settled on them.

"We saw you afar off, and we thought you were made of the sky, you looked so blue and soft; and we thought we should like to have you for our home," said the Birds.

"Are we as you expected to find us?" asked the Hills.

"No," said the Birds; "we see now it was not you that we gazed on, but yonder fair hills in the west: we go to seek them!" and they flew away, and the Hills laughed.

"What brought you here?" asked the Hills in the west, as the birds settled on them, weary with their flight.

"We saw you afar off, and we thought you were fair and soft as the summer sky, and we came that we might dwell on you," said the Birds.

"Are we what you expected to find us?" asked the Hills in the west.

"No," said the Birds, with disappointment, "that you are not, but rugged and bare; so that we are sure you were not what we delighted to gaze on; and see—there—there are our hills, brighter than ever; beautiful, deep blue and gold shining on their heads." And away they flew, and the Hills laughed.

"What brought you here?" asked the Rocks, as the Birds sunk wearily on their craggy tops.

"Alas!" cried the Birds, "we saw you from afar, in our own pleasant home, and we thought you were made of the sky and crowned with gold; and we hoped to live upon you, and enjoy your glory and beauty."

"What do you find?" asked the Rocks. "Hard, gloomy, barren crags, with neither softness to nestle in nor food to rejoice in; and yonder is the sun, sinking into the broad, hopeless sea; and there is nothing beyond!" And they perished on the rocks.

ANSWERING A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

"WHY do larks sing up in the sky?" said a Magpie to a Rook who was busy building his nest.

"Can't say," said the Rook.

"Why do cuckoos lay eggs in other folks' nests?" said the Magpie again.

"Don't know," said the Rook.

"Why have the swallows forked tails?" asked the Magpie.

The Rook couldn't answer without dropping the stick in his beak, and, seeing he should never get on while he was so interrupted, turned round and cried, "I'll answer your question when you tell me why magpies chatter."

TRY BEFORE YOU TRUST.

"BLINK," said Miss Minnie, the tortoiseshell cat, to the house-dog, "how close you are! You never tell me anything. I've seen you lying here more than once, in this very place, and am sure you are watching something. Come, now, tell me, what is it? Have the starlings built up yonder in the thatch? or has the cook got anything fresh in the larder that you can spy through the wire-work, as you lie there?"

"Have you finished your robin?" said Blink, with a yawn.

"How cruel you are! You are as bad as Miss Fanny."

"What is one to do when one is hungry, and a robin flies

in one's way?" said Miss Minnie. "But what did Miss Fanny do?"

"Ah! that's part of my secret, and I can't trust you with a secret where your appetite is interested."

"Blink, you surprise me. Not trust me! Oh, Blink!" exclaimed Minnie, much hurt.

"Well, promise, now, not to imitate her, but to abstain from all acts of cruelty to animals," said Blink, who wanted to get rid of her that he might finish his nap. Minnie promised vehemently.

"You know the old pump?" said Blink.

"With the loose top?" said Minnie.

"The same—a bit out at the side," said Blink.

"Well?" said Minnie, getting excited.

"Well, a black-cap was so foolish as to build there, and lay ten eggs," said Blink.

"No?" cried Minnie, getting up.

"She did, though," said Blink; "and Miss Fanny found it out, and came and peeped, which was enough to scare the poor thing from the nest, you know."

"Of course: how very cruel of her!" said Minnie, righteously.

"Well, not only that, but she took two eggs away, saying the bird wouldn't miss 'em," said Blink.

"Did you ever hear?" said Minnie. "Wicked little girl! I wonder you didn't fly at her."

"It wasn't my duty. The black-cap ought to have known better than build in such a place," said Blink.

"Very true," said Minnie, walking away.

"Where are you going?" said Blink.

"Merely—merely for a walk," said Minnie, taking the shortest way to the pump.

"What story have you been making up?" she cried, returning indignantly. "There's no black-cap, nor a single young one there; nothing but an empty old nest!"

"Oh no," said Blink, calmly; "they were all fledged and off a week ago. You don't suppose I'd have trusted you if they had been there now! Trust you with a secret, indeed! No; but I thought I'd try you; and I'm quite satisfied, and hope you are, and will never come teasing me any more for my confidence."

NO MORE SORROW THAN THE HEART CAN HOLD.

"I AM lost! I shall be drowned! Oh, I shall be wholly carried away and destroyed!" cried the New Stone Trough under the pump.

"Oh no, you won't!" said the Old Trough, calmly. "I was where you are for many and many a year, and often had a fuller stream upon me than is coming on you now, but I always found that when I was up to the brim I ran over."

THE ONLY INFALLIBLE GUIDE.

"SIR, you are too slow!" said the Town Hall Clock to the Market-place Dial.

"Am I, sir? I am sorry, but I believe I am always with the church tower," said the Dial.

"The church tower is seldom right," said the Town Hall Clock.

"You surprise me!" said the Dial. "I thought that it was regulated by the sun."

"Probably," replied the Town Hall Clock; "but the sun is not always with me, therefore he is not always to be depended on. If you wish to be right, look at me, and you are safe."

The Dial stared, and, if he hadn't been afraid of discomposing his works, would have shook his head. "Now," he said to himself, "if he had stopped at telling me I was wrong, or if he had gone so far as to say that the church tower was not always according to the sun, I might have listened with respect; but since he has the audacity to attack the sun itself, and declare that nobody is right but himself, why, he is not worthy of a tick in reply, nor a moment's consideration."

COMPULSORY PERSUASION.

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

"WHAT perfect mastery! see how I have conquered him!" said the Pin that fastened down the spring to the board.

"Ah, yes!" cried the Board; "you may call him conquered: I don't. The moment you loose your hold he'll be off as up-right as ever. That is perfect mastery which would influence him to stop of his own accord."